

THE TRAGEDIE
OF
KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Containing his treacherous Plots, against
his brother Clarence: The pittifull murder of his ino-
cent Murtherers: his tyrannous usurpation: with the whole
course of his deuelish life, and most
lamentable death.

As it hath beene lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties
Sworne.

Newly augmented.
By William Shakspeare.



LONDON

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dwelling in Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the
Three Kings.



Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

NOW is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious Sommer by this Sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that low'r vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorius wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings.
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visagde war, hath smoothd his wrinkled front,
And now insted of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimble in a Ladies chamber,
To the laciuous pleasing of a loue,
But I that am not sharpe of sportiuw trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glasse:
I that am rudely stampd, and want loues maiesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfinisht sent before my time,
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace,
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the sunne,
And descant one mine owne deformity:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determin'd to proue a villaine,
And hare the Idle pleasures of these dayes,
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,